

## [Mr. Frank Dixon]

Week No. 4

Item No. 7

Words

Percent

Received

Accredited

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FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER L. A. Rollins ADDRESS 1126 [6?]

DATE Feb. 1939 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant

Mrs. Frank [R?] Dixon

615 Oswego [?]., Hastings, Nebr.

2. Date and time of interview

Feb. 1939

3. Place of interview at depot

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4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant

None

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you None

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

was not at residence [???

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER L. A. Rollins ADDRESS 1126 W 6 St.

DATE Feb. 1939 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mr. Frank E. Dixon 615 Oswego Ave. Hastings,  
Neb

1. Ancestry German

2. Place and date of birth Audubon, Ia., May 1, 1885

3. Place lived, in with dates Audubon and Atlantic, Ia., Hastings, Nebr.

4. Family wife, 4 children

5. Education, with dates 6th Grade

6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates Painter

7. Special skills and interests Excellent interior decorator and house painter

8. Community and religious activities Baptist

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9. Description of informant 5' 6' tall Weight 140. Very dark, slender

10. Other points gained in interview One of 1st to leave when America entered World War.  
Was a member of Neb. Nat'l Guard

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER L. A. Rollins ADDRESS 1126 6 St.

DATE Feb. 1939 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mr. Frank [E.?] Dixon 615 Oswego Ave.,  
Hastings, Nebr.

[I?] have lived 39 years in Hastings. When I was a young fellow, we all run in gangs. For about 12 years or until they began to marry off, there was 17 in our gang. The meeting place was 2nd [?] Ave., (heart of business district) and all or most of us was there at 7:30 every nite, rain or shine. We raised a lot of hell and had a lot of fun.

You see this dating business was a whole lot different in those days. Now the fellows doll up every nite and the way they go in a car, then you don't find the gangs at all. We usually stagged to a dance on Wednesday Nites. Was a public affair on 2nd floor down down. [?] often picked up a date. Now Saturday Nite was the nite we all had dates [made?] ahead. [?] to a dance and [most?] of us took our girls to the same cafe. Eat, drink, tell stories until the wee hours. [A?] great stunt for [roars?] was steal a salt collar, napkin or dish, choicest [cutch?] would be something from a swell cafe or [motel?], then [give?] it to [your?] girl.

Now during the week when no dance or anything special going on we didn't doll up. Just [?] shed [?] and brushed up a little. Set down town, played pool or cards or just set around and told jokes or teased some one.

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On Sundays went to church or at least Sunday School a darn sight more than they do now. In the summer we were a little slack on this as picnics down on the river were so much the go. Nearly every one went and in big bunches. Our usual was of lining this up was plan it about Friday. Making our dates. We would hire a wagon or wagonette or hayrack, all chipping in. Then would buy pop, [pny log?] or ice cream. Then the girls would furnish the eats.

Ham and cheese sandwiches, pickles, hard boiled eggs and cakes.

You ask about superstitions, I can't recall any right now, but I used to play lots of cards. Remember this — when the cards are offered for out, if you cut them away form the dealer, he can't make a hand but if you out them to the man, he will get a good hand.

Celebrations: Remember one time about 30 years ago on a 4th of July. It was along about 2 A. M. No one hardly was on the street. We had a lot of powerful sky rockets and Roman Candles. So many got hurt the law stopped the sale of them later. There was only one cop left on duty down town. The regular officer on nites. We split our gang in half and got a block apart and a block from a cafe. The owner, Hank, hadn't treated a lot of the boys just right and we planned to even [up?] the night of the 4th. One half the gang opened up on the cafe. Straight down the street shot the fire works. Two windows got broken on the 1st blast and you can't imagine the noise when a rocket hit the wood. Hank and a couple in cafe ducked and yelled. The cop chased the gang. They would run, then the other half or the gang 3 opened up on Hank, shooting those rockets and Roman candles, straight down the street like an arrow. We sure evened up on Hank. What a mess his cafe front was next morning. Several of those rockets stuck straight into the wood front. And several went in side. Broke lights, dishes and a big mirror. We got in no trouble over this. How you going to get a big gang? Hank just fixed things up and said nothing. Gradually rough things like this began to die out, but in those days all gangs really done a lot of rough things.

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Christmas I visited with one of the old gang. Several of the gang have died, about half are still here. They turned out, one to be a minister, one a professor, 2 are merchants, that I can recall.

But from what I can learn the depression has caught up with all of them.